I have found in my short span of life (57 years) that everyone has his own brand of love. If one will line up with a certain party, they are the most loving people this side of heaven, but if you don't line up and simply choose to be a no-party Christian, they don't know you from Adam's off-ox. And, brother, I know what I'm talking about, and I think you do too. -- *Seth B. Dodge, Dallas, Oregon*

Someone had you send me the *Restoration Review* and I like it so much that I want others to have it. I'm enclosing a check for ten dollars, the club price, and my renewal is one of the names. Thank you and God bless you. -- *Nora Hudson, Wetumpka, Oklahoma*

(This continues to be the most effective way of acquainting more people with this journal. We encourage you to think of four others when it comes time for you to renew. You stand a good chance of blessing someone. -- *Editor*)

I am not angry with you but disappointed. For years I have considered you a hero of the faith, a warhorse of the restoration. I think the Master teacher might reprove you on two statements in your "Pilgrimage to Princeton." These are: "These Presbyterians are also my sisters and brothers in Christ," and "The essence of the faith . . . can be the only basis for a united church." There are certain *sine qua nons* in God's economy: faith, repentance, confession and baptism. The Presbyterians have *not* been scripturally baptized and I think you should not call them brothers. -- *Frank Kerns, Rush, Colorado*

(Such ones would not be my sisters or brothers because they are Presbyterians, but in spite of that. There are no Presbyterians or "Church of Christers" in Christ. Only Christians are in Christ, and they are all my sisters and brothers. Yes, of course, they are to be "scripturally" baptized, but let us not be judgmental on that point, -- *Editor*)

MORE BOOK NOTES

We are pleased that the handsome 2-volume set of Campbell's *Millennial Harbinger* is still available at 14.95. It is a compilation of the best of his writings spanning forty years as an editor.

We have good news to those who have special interest in the intellectual background of the Restoration Movement. By special purchase from the M.I.T. Press we can offer at 3.95 each two books by Thomas Reid, *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man* and *Essays on the Active Powers of the Human Mind.* There is an introduction on Reid in both books. Reid took Adam Smith's chair at Glasgow University in 1764 and became the founder of the so-called Common Sense school in Scotland. Reid was one of Thomas Campbell's teachers, and influences the reformers in Scotland and America. These books are vital for Restoration studies, either or both of them, and they are tremendous bargains. Supply is limited in this case.

B. W. Johnson was one of the great editors and scholars in our early movement. His *People's New Testament with Explanatory Notes* has remained in print all these years and is available now for 9.95. Being in a single volume, it is ideal to take to Bible study. The comments are crisp and to the point.

If you are interested in the history of the Restoration Movement, you do well to study the biography of our leaders. We recommend the *Life of Elder Walter Scott* and the *Biography of John T. Johnson* at 6.50 each. These are exciting stories of men who made our history, with many interesting anecdotes.

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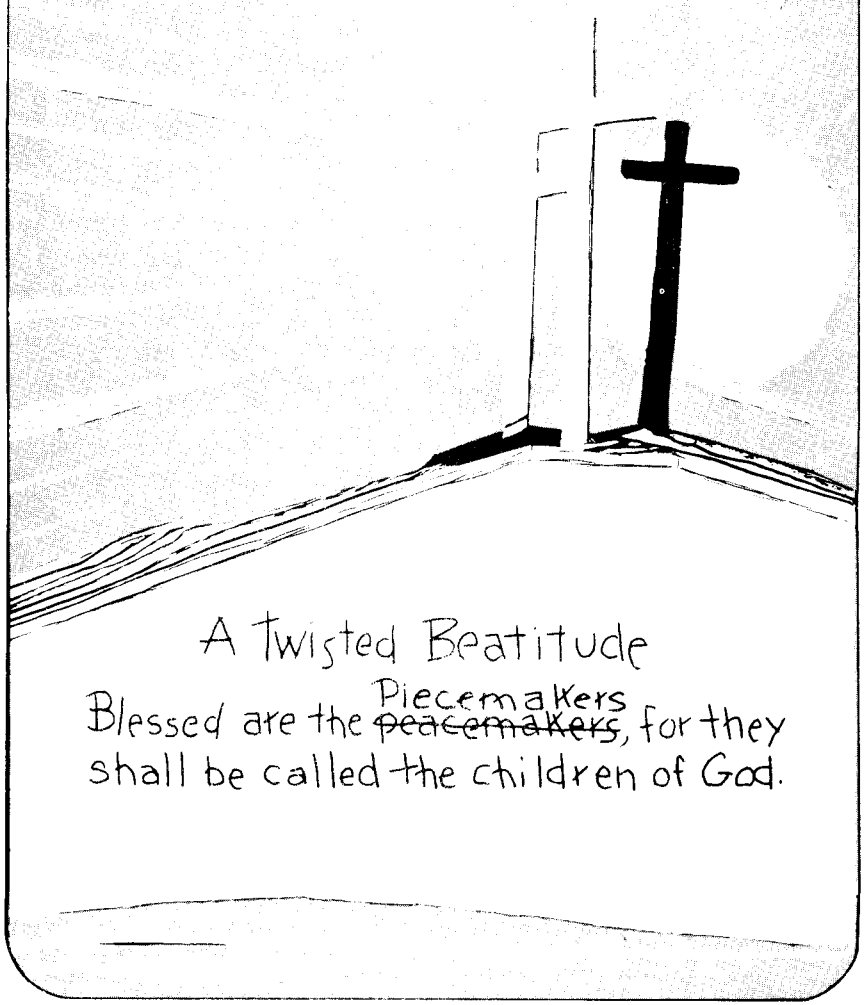
Back Home from England

RESTORATION REVIEW



Vol. 21, No. 1 Leroy Garrett, Editor January, 1979

Blessed Are the Peacemakers . . .

PEACEMAKERS, NOT PIECEMAKERS

As we begin this series on the great beatitude it is well that we keep our spelling straight and therefore our thinking. It is the maker of *peace* that is blessed, not the maker of *pieces*, the *peace*maker and not the *piece*maker. The point is not as superficial as it seems when one realizes that the history of the church reveals as much piecemaking as peacemaking, if not more. *Pieces* and *peace* have one thing in common: it takes considerable effort to achieve either. It takes effort and some skill to tear up a home or a church or any beautiful human relationship. Left alone, folk will get along with each other fairly well. While it is true that it is easier to destroy than to build, one nonetheless has to work at it to fracture a relationship that is rooted in love.

So with peace. It is the peace*maker* that is blessed, not the one who is merely *for* peace. If peace is up for election, all our sisters and brothers will vote for it. They even *love* peace, and that of course is to their credit. But the beatitude is not talking about folk who are *for* peace or who *love* peace, but those who are *makers* of peace. The lover of peace may do nothing to bring it about. He stands ready to enjoy the fruit of peace once others cultivate it, but he is not going to stick his neck out or get his nose bloodied.

Many a soul says in the face of difficulties, *I don't want to get involved.* But is this not what Jesus is saying, *Blessed are those who are willing to get involved and do something for their fellows.* There are many things, of course, that are none of our business, and there are times for us to remain silent and keep our nose out of things. But there are times when we are morally obligated to speak up and do something, even if it may subject us to criticism. Jesus is offering his blessing to those who are willing to make themselves vulnerable. The person who is unwilling to take chances will never be a peacemaker. Peace is like war in that it is something that has to be waged if it is effective. This beatitude blesses the person who cares enough to act.

Our daily paper recently carried the story of a Chicago lad who had been confined to an apartment for two full years by an obviously sick mother. She would not open the door even to pleading relatives, and when the landlord called for the rent, she passed the money under the door. Only at odd hours when no one was around would she venture

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forth and then only long enough to purchase bare necessities. The apartment had no heat, no lights, no radio or TV, no refrigeration, and the little boys' playmates were goldfish and a hamster.

There were numerous people who knew of the child's plight, and they all said, *Ain't it awful.* But one of his aunt's not only loved peace but resolved to make some of it for a bewildered little boy who needed to be in school and for a sister who needed to be in the hospital. So she went to work. Since she could not persuade her sister out of her self-imposed prison, she went to the school authorities, who sympathized with her but would do nothing. The county welfare office referred her to one agency after another. Nobody would do anything about it. She at last found a volunteer, unpaid social worker who agreed to help her. They finally got the case into court and a judge issued a detaining order. It took two policeman to break down the door and enter the apartment. They carried the mother away, kicking in protest, to a mental hospital. They found the little boy in a dark corner, clutching his hamster, now cold and dead in his hands.

The little boy is now back in school where he belongs and the mother is receiving the treatment she needs. That is *peace*, and it did not come simply because someone cared, but because someone cared enough to act and to keep on acting. As we read such an account we all applaud the woman's efforts, but *she* was the peacemaker in that case, not we, and *she* receives the blessing, not we. How often do we see injustices, maltreatment, slander, misrepresentations, some wrong to be set right, some soul to be liberated, *and do nothing.* How many of us, had we known of this boys' plight, would have done more than say, *Somebody ought to do something about that!*

A personal illustration comes to mind because I heard of it only today. A couple that came to our congregation from another one in our town told of how they finally overcame enough of their prejudice against me to start visiting our assemblies. Their suspicions were warranted, for the elders of their church brought in two prominent preachers for the purpose of excoriating the new church, to which several of their families were fleeing for refuge. Both men made it a point to discredit Leroy Garrett, who is a part of the new congregation. The couple was warned not to read anything I wrote and were rebuked when a copy of this journal was seen in their home. My character was assailed and my motives impugned, and this by people who never bother to read what I write or to say one word to me, even though I have many times sat with them in their own assemblies.

Amidst all this one of the officers of the church, who is of a different spirit, quietly said to this couple something to the effect that what these people were saying about Leroy Garrett was not true. "He is not like

they say he is," he confided. This was enough to cause this brother and sister, wracked by an oppressive leadership, to investigate further. They decided to risk association with one who had been branded a very dangerous man. They told me today that one of the most beautiful surprises in their lives was to see for themselves what Leroy Garrett is really like.

We now have a meaningful relationship, enjoying and helping one another. And this because a brother was willing to stick his neck out and say a word in defense of one who was being badmouthed by "those who are somewhat." It would have been safer for him, his position being what it was, to have said nothing. Many there are who will hold their peace in the face of injustice, even when their testimony could make a difference. They fear they might be cast out of the synagogue! "He is of age, ask him," is one way out, that I recall from Scripture.

James 3:18 is an exciting verse along this line: "Righteousness is the harvest that is produced from the seeds the peacemakers planted in peace" (Today's English Version). The *peace*makers plant in peace and the fruit is righteousness. The *piece*makers plant in discord and the fruit is division. We have God's word for it that we shall reap what we sow. If as peacemakers we sow in peace, strife, jealousy, animosity, viciousness will never be our fruit. Only righteousness, and so we find the poet saying, "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other" (Psa. 85:10).

These great truths should encourage us to reach out in mercy. Aged folk may be a lot of trouble, but they so badly need our tender loving care. It is easy to ignore the lonely, for that's why they're lonely, everybody ignores them! Everybody loves the winner, but how about loving the loser? In our slim-conscious world, how many of us really accept the fat, *as they are*? The brutalizing experience of a divorce is compounded when the church censures instead of showing mercy. Peace produces righteouness. They kiss each other. Legalism and sectarianism may also be in some kind of an embrace, but the end product is oppression and depression.

Our heritage that we call the Restoration Movement comes from men who were fed up with partyism and all its littleness. They were men who stood tall and had high ideals. They sought for ways to unite with their sisters and brothers in all the sects, not for excuses for remaining separated from them. They were free, open, liberal souls who wrought out principles of unity, not isolated, exclusivistic partisan who used the Scriptures to justify sectarianism. They were men and women of vision rather than division. It was their disgust with "the jarrings and janglings of sectarian strife" that led them to launch a unity movement.

We are not likely to have their vision of a united church until we catch their repugnance of the party spirit.

It takes hate to produce a maker of peace. William Barclay, the late beloved expositor of Scotland, was a great admirer of our Abraham Lincoln. He likes to tell of how Lincoln was incensed as he watched a black man sold on the auction block. "I'll crush that system to hell!," Old Abe was heard to say. This was Barclay's view of a meek man: *one who never gets angry at the wrong time but always gets angry at the right time.* The peacemaker hates all those things that are indignities upon the human spirit, and he seeks to overcome them. One who has a hands - in - pocket attitude toward the evils that beset us will never be a peacemaker.

The *piece*maker is a certain breed of cat. He is so ego-ridden that he'll wreck a home or a business or a church or a nation for his own aggrandizement. Or he is so party-oriented that he is vicious toward anyone or anything that threatens the security of the party. He cares nothing for hurt feelings or discouraged spirits in his passion to defend the party, which must be right about *everything*. He would preside over an infallible system. He chooses to leave the church strewn in pieces rather than to seek that peace to which we are all called (1 Cor. 7:15).

—the Editor

BOOK NOTES

Since there is a renewal of interest in the book of Revelation, we continue to call your attention to helpful titles. For 5.45 we will send you Harry Boer's *The Book of Revelation*, and for 4.45 you may have George Eldon Ladd's *A Commentary on the Book of Revelation*. A shorter study by Ladd and a most helpful one is *The Last Things* for only 3.40. You will especially appreciate his chapter on how to study prophecy, and he briefly and clearly writes of the Antichrist, the rapture, judgement, second coming, and the kingdom of God. Prices include postage, which is no longer inexpensive.

Another book on prophecy by a highly readable scholar is *The Time Is Fulfilled* by F. F. Bruce at 3.45. You do well to read anything by John R. W. Stott, and his latest title is *Christian Counter-Culture*, which is on the Sermon on the Mount. He is concerned about the lack of distinction between Christians and the world, a distinction he sees as the theme of the Sermon. 4.45 postpaid.

Two books about Jesus that you will find exciting and resourceful are William Barclay's *Jesus As They Saw Him* at 5.40 and A. M. Hunter's *Jesus, Lord and Saviour* at 5.45. Hunter is always a fascinating writer and is excellent in giving background information in an inspiring way. All prices postpaid.

There is always a place for a new book on how to improve oneself, and we recommend *How to Achieve Security, Confidence, and Peace* by James Lee Beall. He tells you how to accept yourself, build a life of trust and self-esteem, re-channel your energies, and find your niche in our kind of world. He even tells you how to overcome aggression with gentleness. 5.45 postpaid.

" . . . AND TEN"

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years." *Ps. 90:10*

Today, December 11, 1978, I pass a significant milestone in one's life, *threescore years.* We have a way of saying that it is unbelievable that we can grow old so quickly, but I have no problem in believing it, for a lot has happened to me. Too, we have a way of being sensitive about our age, but I don't feel that way about it. Our heavenly Father set boundaries to a person's life. It is not intended that we be in this world indefinitely, even if our behavior often belies that fact. Why should we want to be younger if we really believe that "unutterable joy" awaits us once the years have all rolled by? God is up to something in regard to His adopted children, but this calls for them to live out their years in devoted service and be done with this world. Old age is therefore part of His plan for us, and we may be less than faithful if we eschew it as if it were a plague.

My only sister called me on this particular birthday anniversary to wish me well, but she could not restrain the comment that "the 60th" is the worst of all. Even though she was born a few years before I, she is now younger, for she has for sometime been 59 and holding. One of my older brothers had a hard time of it on his sixtieth. It really tore him up, and I'm guessing that that is not unusual, for we live in a world that insists that we must remain young. But this is wrong, as is so many things that the world would impose upon us. Youth is not necessarily better. If life is a race to be run, and if a glorious prize awaits us, is it not better to be near the finish line? The world grieves over old age because it has no hope. It shall not be so among us. As I told my dear Ouida, the threescore milestone marks the beginning of the end. In another decade or so, more or less, I will be going home, and I will no longer have to look through a glass darkly. What can possibly be better than that? Then what can possibly be wrong with growing old? This means that when a young believer meets an old veteran who has lived to the very brink of the great divide, instead of feeling sorry for her, he should realize how blessed she is. ***Blessed are the aged, for they will soon get to go home.***

I began the day inauspiciously, by being wet on. Ouida allows our three-year old grandson to sleep with us when he stays at our house, even when we did not allow our own children to do so. She thinks our kingsize bed is big enough for just one more little fellow, especially *that* little fellow, who really has her conned. But I argue, rather lamely, that in our bed, kingsize or no, three is always a crowd. If ever we divorce, which is still improbable, you'll know the reason why.

Anointed by the little one or not, it has been a good day. I began by jogging down Windsor Dr. to the end, which is exactly one mile and then one-fourth of the way back. Each time I go a bit farther with hopes of building up to two miles, to the end and back. I've been at it for years, five days a week, and would have reached my goal long since except for being away from home. When I miss a few days I drop back part of the way and start over. It was still dark when I got back to the house. While the family still slept I prepared my breakfast, watching the early a.m. news on TV at the same time. Before going to my study I usually call one or two in our congregation to assure them of my love and/or to give them a gem of truth to ponder on as they go to work. It is always a pleasant little ministry. I especially remember our widows on these occasions.

Once at my desk I read lessons from both Testaments, this time from Ezekiel and Mark. I am now reading through the Jerusalem Bible, including the copious footnotes by remarkably objective Roman Catholic scholars. This a.m. I was impressed by Ez. 43:10 "Son of man, described this Temple to the House of Israel, to shame them out of their filthy practices." The idea of the holy should motivate one to rise above a shameful life. No one seems to know how Ezekiel's vision of the temple is to be applied. If it means that the temple he idealizes is yet to be built in Israel, one is left to wonder how the likes of Prime Minister Begin would ever agree to the way Ezekiel parcels out the land, such as allotting the priests and the prince the central part of the country. Begin had better bargain with Sadat rather than wih Ezekiel!

In reading Mark 3, I was reminded of how the Pharisees, who began as a sincere effort to restore piety to Israel, got so caught up in loyalty to their party that they could not accept goodness when they saw it. They would not accept what was all too clear even to the demons, that Jesus was indeed the Son of God. Jesus couldn't get the Pharisees to confess him and he couldn't get the demons to quit confessing him! The Pharisees sat in the synagogue and watched Jesus heal a man with a withered hand. The Lord had the man position himself right in front of the Pharisees to make sure they would not miss anything. That twisted, grotesque hand was transformed right before their eyes. Being the righteous souls that they were, did they rejoice with their brother in his good fortune or praise God for what their eyes had seen? No. They could see what heaven had sent only as a threat to what they loved most. They turned from that glorious scene to connive and plot as to how God's greatest gift to the world might be destroyed. Their partyism had brought them to the place that they were willing to murder the best man they had ever met. Partyism *always* has that ingredient: in desperation it will destroy goodness, if it can, to preserve itself.

I then turned to correspondence, which always takes a portion of the morning, and I never catch up since I try to answer every letter that comes that even remotely calls for a response. While I did this there were some phone calls, one of them long distance. Then came the postman with a new batch of stuff, and we have to give him a quarter for each subscriber that moves without informing us. We are his best customer in this whole end of town!

On this particular day Ouida is in another part of the house typing. She "takes in typing" like some women take in washing in order to help pay the bills. Graduate students from our two universities bring their manuscripts to her, and she sometimes finds herself an interperter and revisionist as well as a typist, especially for the foreign students. We get to meet some interesting people. The other night we got to visit with a couple from Iran, who revealed their moderately anti-Shah sentiments at the very time the tragedy in Iran was so much in the news. They told us that when they call their parents in Tehran it is *they* that tell their parents what is going on in their city rather than the other way around. Their parents are very fearful that they will not live through this coup.

She types for a woman who is a new Ph.D. and going into a career on her own, leaving her husband who is also a Ph.D. She told Ouida how she and her children sit around and weep over her leaving him, but leave she must for the sake of her career, she concludes. Is that what "education" does to folk?

Ouida does her thing in style, on a new IBM Selectric, a machine that performs miracles. If you have any idea of hiring her out for a thesis, you are to be warned that she is not inexpensive. She belongs to a typing club that lays down strict limitations on who can belong so as to insure its standing with the universities. I think they have themselves a monopoly going.

A bonus feature is that she gets interested in some of the papers she types, such as the one on juvenile alcoholism in our country. It told of how one teenager explained to his father why he had broken off with a girl friend. She had become a drunkard! The paper concluded that alcoholism among the youth has reached epidemic proportions. There are 30,000 alcoholics under 14 years of age in Houston alone.

So you can see that even though we are tucked away in a small city in faraway Texas we have a window that opens to the world. We have another one that opens to heaven, and in that we rejoice, for otherwise the one that opens to the world would make no sense.

Our boy Ben, who is in school at NTSU and who has decided he is going to make a preacher (presumedly a Church of Christ preacher!), usually joins us for lunch, as he did today. I am always laying on him something from our pioneers, such as how Moses E. Lard insisted that

if a preacher will study till his head hurts and his spirit is on fire he can preach without notes, which Lard always did, and he was one of our two greatest preachers of the second generation, W. H. Hopson being the other one. Ben does not yet study till his head hurts, or, if so, it doesn't take much study to make his head hurt!

After lunch I lie down on the living room floor for sundry reading, and usually go to sleep. In the winter I use a blanket as well as a pillow. When Ben sees me making my way through the house with my special blanket for the occasion he teases me for being like Linus with his security blanket. Today I read from what I consider the greatest theological journal in the world, *The Expository Times,* which comes to me from Scotland, as it has for many years. There is an article on the problem the Church of England is having on whether it should ordain women as priests. It is an Anglican tradition to appeal to Scripture for such decisions, but they largely agree that the Scriptures are ambiguous on this matter. One bishop argues that only men should be priests since Jesus selected only men to be his special envoys, but others note that Jesus may have been influenced by his times. He might have selected some women had he been in present-day London society.

Both Anglicans and Roman Catholics are under lots of pressure to make women priests too. In England the Baptist, Methodist, and United Reformed Churches already ordain women. One point in the report especially interested me since it reminded me of attitudes among our own folk. The Anglicans who oppose the ordination of women accuse the others of not respecting the authority of the Scriptures, which led one bishop to say: "It is not that the authority of the Scripture is questioned by those who find no clear guidance there; rather it is uncertainty as to wherein the authoritative teaching consists."

That relates to the chapter I am now working on in my proposed book *The Stone-Campbell Movement, An Anecdotal History of Three Churches* (tentative title), on which I had time to do but little work today. It is the chapter dealing with the instrumental music controversy, which became a hot issue following the Civil War. One Church of Christ historian, writing on the organ controversy, explains that back in those days when the instrument became an issue that it was really a difference in attitude toward the Scriptures, with the anti-instrumentalists recognizing the authority of the Scriptures while the others did not!

What I am now learning about J. W. McGarvey, the leading antagonist against the organ, does not justify such a conclusion. He was the first, in 1864, to object to the instrument on *scriptural* grounds, basing his argument upon the silence of the New Testament, and thus the first to contend that it was actually sinful and not simply

inexpedient. Most of his brethren, including those who opposed the organ, did not agree with his argument. He preached off and on for the Bethlehem church out of Lexington for nineteen years, and though they understood his position they nonetheless installed an organ, not using it, however, when he was present, in deference to him. He was both elder and preacher at the Broadway church in Lexington for upwards of forty years. Even though he was very highly regarded, the church finally introduced an organ by majority vote. McGarvey quietly moved his membership to the Chestnut St. church, which did not have an instrument.

It is difficult to conclude that McGarvey respected the authority of the Scriptures while the majority of his brethren did not. It is more reasonable to conclude, as per the Anglican bishop, that they differed on how the Scriptures are to be interpreted, in this case the *silence* of Scripture. Despite his stand against the organ, I am afraid McGarvey would not pass the test today for loyalty at our preacher schools. As an elder, for instance, he allowed the Sunday School at Broadway to have pianos— so long as one was not used in the "worship" service! And he continued to enjoy fellowship with "organ" churches, including Broadway, where he often returned to preach, and he insisted that they not silence the instrument just for him. And as fate would have it, the organ played gently over his dead body when his funeral was conducted at the old Broadway church.

The plurality of cups for the Supper were also introduced in McGarvey's time, which he opposed like he did the organ. Most of his brethren did not accept his conclusions here either. I doubt if the Church of Christ historian would say that *this* was really a matter of how one views the authority of Scripture. But McGarvey was right from his perspective. It says that Jesus took "the cup," and nothing is said anywhere about cups.

This evening I drove over to Richland College in Dallas to teach a Logics class, which I do twice a week. Tonight I warned them of "the gambler's fallacy," which is part of our study of probability. The gambler assumes that the roulette wheel has "memory" and thus supposes that a number is "due" if it has not come up in awhile. We noted that if one should toss a coin ten times and get "tails" each time that on the *next* toss the chance of getting "heads" would be no greater than before. The dice (if not loaded) are never "hot" since that can refer only to what has already happened. At each roll of the dice the probability is the same — and that is that the one who bets on them will lose!

We also looked at the meaning of evidence, circumstantial and testimonial, noting still another fallacy, that most folk suppose that

testimonial evidence is better than circumstantial. I gave them a list of the evidence against Bruno Hauptmann, who was executed for the kidnap and murder of the Lindberg baby back in 1935, *all circumstantial.* They all agreed that he must have been guilty, as did the jury, though no one saw him commit the crime. On the other hand, two other men, Sacco and Vanzetti, were executed for robbery and murder back in the 1920's on the basis of testimonial evidence, for there was an eyewitness to the crime. But the class agreed that the evidence was weak and that the two men might well have been innocent, as they insisted they were. So, it is the *quality* of the evidence that counts, not the *kind* of evidence. In the case of the resurrection of our Lord we have both kinds of evidence, and it was and is so overpowering that millions believe that he lives, and untold numbers have died for their faith.

My neighbor, a Swedish gentleman who has long since retired but who is sensitive about revealing his age, rode along with me to the college as he often does. He not only likes to get away for awhile but revels in mixing with college youth. Since his family was one of the oldest in Sweden and of the nobility, he makes very interesting company, so the students really take him in. His mother, whose memory he almost worships was lady-in-waiting to the crown princess of Sweden, who never became queen due to a premature death. My friend tells of the royalty of the various countries he has met through his family. Tonight as we discussed the problems the Shah of Iran is having, he revealed that he once met him at a royal affair back in his native land when the Shah was a young man.

Back home and at table with Ouida I was reminded once more how wonderfully blessed I am to have such a good wife. That I turned sixty today appeared to be no big deal to her either way. We were both too busy living to pay it much mind.

But I did remind the Lord that I have now reached threescore years, and then He adds to that *and ten.* I take it, all things being equal, that I have ten more years, and "if by reason of strength" twenty more, though of course the Ruler of the universe is not necessarily bound by such figures. But they remain suggestive and make it appropriate to add: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Today I did not ask the Lord to give me ten more years with this journal, but I did assure him that if He wants me in this ministry for ten more years that I am available. In any event, Ouida and I hope that you our readers and friends all over the world, many of whom we love having never seen and can hardly hope to see in this world, will stay with us until the end, however long that is, which will really be, as we all know, but the beginning. — *the Editor*

Pilgrimage of Joy . . . No. 31

BACK HOME FROM ENGLAND

W. Carl Ketcherside

On May 28 we arrived in Yorkshire, the largest county in Great Britain. It was once the foremost manufacturing center of the world. We went to Leeds, which is famous for being in the midst of the textile industry. Fred and Hilda Hardy met us, and took us to the home of their son-in-law, Geoffrey Lodge. Almost every home in England has a name and Geoffrey and Bessie called theirs Maranatha. It was a constant reminder of the fact that the Lord is coming.

The next day two carloads of us drove through the beautiful Wharfe River Valley to the lonely Ilkley Moors. We left our cars and tramped through the wild gorse and bracken covered country. It is a land of grouse shooting. We heard the call of the curlews and saw the shaggy sheep which pasture on this awe-inspiring stretch of deserted country. As I looked back upon it from the car window my mind was full of "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Bronte, written about these same moors.

That night I spoke at Morley to a crowd which filled the little place of meeting. Geoffrey Lodge presided. We engaged in discussion with the Nazarene and Pentecostal folk who attended until we were late for dinner at the Thomasson home. After the dishes had been cleared away, we got our Bibles and talked about the Word until midnight. It came to me that this could be the strength of the Cause all over the earth, for little groups to meet in homes and discuss frankly and without formality the truth from heaven.

The following day we drove to Knaresborough where a ruined castle looks down from the height where it has stood a thousand years. It was market day and this quaint town which looked like an illustration from a book of Mother Goose rhymes was crowded with stands and temporary little shops set up. We wandered through narrow winding streets and alleys, flanked by age-old buildings with slate roofs. Far below flowed the picturesque river. That evening found us at East Ardsley where I spoke at a gospel meeting presided over by Brother E. Worth. It was Memorial Day at home but no one knew that in England.

The next morning we departed for Tunbridge Wells, in Kent, the garden spot of southeastern England, bordering on the English Channel. The white cliffs of Dover have made it justly famous. The congregation was small and had an inadequate and poorly-situated meetingplace. It had been plagued by internal troubles, but under the guidance of Albert Winstanley and Ralph Limb had overcome them. I was in a ten-day

series of meetings, during which Nell and I made our abode in the hospitable home of a beloved sister, Gertrude Hill. One man was restored, and one immersed. He was the thirtieth person I had baptized into Christ since crossing the ocean.

On the morning of June 13 we bade farewell to the saints in England. We boarded an early train for London, where we spent the day at the World's Fair which was then in progress. That evening we caught the boat train to Harwich, where we embarked on a steamer which landed us at Hook Of Holland the next morning. We began a tour of historical sights in Holland, Belgium and France. It was an impressive time but I shall mercifully spare you the details.

We went aboard the great ship which was to bear us back home at Le Havre, and arrived in New York on the last day of June. On our train trip back home I stopped at New Castle, Indiana, where a four-day mass meeting was starting which brought hundreds together from California to Pennsylvania. On the first night Adam Bruce and William Horrocks from Canada spoke. On Tuesday night I addressed a packed auditorium on "The Name of the Church." I took the position that the body of Christ was given no title, and did not need a distinctive name since it had no rivals. To name it was to denominate it, and thus to separate the family of God. This was my first attempt to state convictions which were beginning to form. Fortunately no one seemed to know what I was saying and those who mentioned it thought it was great. It was only later, after I became convinced from reading Alexander Campbell that I came to the conclusion that even the term "church" was a misnomer.

Three days after I arrived home in Saint Louis, Brother J. H. Mabery of Bonne Terre, Missouri left this world to be with Jesus. Fred Killebrew and I spoke words of comfort to the huge audience which had gathered in his honor. He had proclaimed the Word all during his long employment as the chief electrician for Saint Joseph Lead Company. Many men who had been assigned to work under him had been led to Christ. He had started several congregations of believers and we had worked together in weak places with full understanding and appreciation of one another. It was a grievous loss to me.

When the time came to return to Beech Grove, Arkansas, Darrell Bolin went with me. He spoke at Beech Grove and Evening Star. The attempted boycott was completely broken. Brethren came from nearly all congregations. Emotions were running high. One morning we received word to appear at the meetinghouse. When we arrived there were ten men there, including several elders and deacons from Paragould. Present also were Franklin Puckett and G. K. Wallace. When we entered the building and were seated, Brother Wallace took

the floor and announced it was time to call my hand and he was there to do it.

He presented propositions he had drawn up on the preacher-pastor system and colleges. With a flourish he threw them down on the table and demanded that we put up or shut up. I waited for a minute while the awed silence seemed like an eternity. I slowly arose and walked to the pulpit. Looking the brethren in the face I said I would accept the offer to debate and the propositions as drawn. I proposed that we include a discussion of the scripturality of an evangelist looking after and exercising oversight of a congregation he had planted until elders could be developed and ordained. I felt this needed some clarification. Brother Wallace in a meeting at Paragould which was held to stop my inroads into the southland had misrepresented my position on the question. It was agreed to include it.

We decided to not have moderators but to allow each man to be responsible for his own conduct. Each of us was to choose a timekeeper. I agreed to meet Brother Wallace anytime, and his supporters selected the week containing the Fourth of July the following year. We announced the debate that night. The interest in it was intense, and many regretted that it was so far in the future. As one old brother put it, "We are ready to see the fur fly now and it looks like the best thing to do would be to put the two of you up on the stand and let you go at one another!"

I was really too busy to think much of the debate or to make preparation for it. On August 7 I began a one-week study at Farmington, Missouri, during which one was immersed. On September 9 Ellis Crum and I entered into a series of meetings at Independence, Missouri, and it was a real privilege to me to work with such a talented man. On September 23 I was at Eureka congregation, a fine rural group near Meadville, Missouri, close to the home of General John J. Pershing at Laclede. On October 7 I began at Nixa, Missouri, in the Ozarks, the scene of so many meetings in my earlier days. James Baysinger led the singing and did a marvelous job. We immersed 22 in the three meetings.

The fall and winter months were filled with activity. Three things stand out in my mind as I review events. First, the amount of training of men in various congregations. The Saint Louis Bible Study began November 5 with students from many states. E. M. Zerr came for three lectures on Prophecy. But there were special studies and training classes all over the United States. Brethren were being developed to edify, to do personal work, and to share the Good News.

Second, the continuing contact by mail with the saints in Great Britain. There were letters and articles from England, Scotland and

Ireland. Many of these were from humble saints who had come to love Nell and me. They wrote about their families and what was happening in their congregations. We answered them all immediately. They sent calendars and shortbread and other things at Christmas. It was several years before the correspondence dropped away and finally slowed down to a trickle. Death was taking its toll of those who had met us. It meant much to hear from these precious ones.

Third, the intensification of feeling in the southland because of the coming debate. Brethren in many congregations who had entertained grave doubts about the rise of the clergy system began to surface. As they did so, local preachers felt forced to speak in defence of their position publicly. This only served to increase suspicion that something was wrong. But it gave the Baptist Church a respite from attack. Since I was regarded as the greatest enemy to the church in this generation, my name began to be heard with increasing frequency in sermons. It appeared in bulletins, in tracts, on the radio, and even in public advertisements in newspapers as brethren sought to stifle and kill my influence before people had even heard me.

H. F. Sharp of Blytheville, Arkansas, took up the cudgel with an article in the October issue of *Gospel Guardian.* He titled it "Reckless Reporting by the Saint Louis Pope." In it he called me, among other things, a heretic, a troublemaker, and a pope. He accused me of malicious falsehood, divisive teaching, damnable heresy, and preaching filth. All of this was because of my conviction relative to the ministry of all the saints and the priesthood of all believers. Our brother only served to inflame the issue and to encourage others who had never met me to inveigh against me.

For weeks I became the subject of radio programs in Arkansas, Kentucky and South Missouri. Those who spoke against me had never met me. They had never read a word I had written. They operated purely upon hearsay. Some of them were contradictory. But they sought to prejudice the minds of men agains me. The preachers all expected to attend the debate but they did not want the "common people" to come. It was alleged that I could make black appear to be white, that I was a master brainwasher, and that what I said should go in one ear and out the other. It did not work as intended because many of those who heard resolved to come and listen to me out of curiosity.

At the time I had not yet formulated my present conviction that public debating of issues among brethren achieves but little lasting good. It would be several years before I would become bold and brave enough to hang up my verbal gloves and announce that my participation in such partisan encounters belonged to my days of spiritual immaturity. At the time I liked to debate. I liked the exchange of wit and repartee. I

gloried in being chosen as a champion. I rejoiced in and responded to the audience reaction.

I made my preparation with full conviction that I was battling for the truth. I still believe that. I am not sure I was as prayerful as I ought to have been. I may have relied too much upon my own ability and knowledge. But I realized it was a battle to the death. One of the combatants was wrong, and one of us would lay his life on the line spiritually.

THE SMALL TOWN BLESSING

Robert Meyers

Many people chafe at having to grow up in a small town or in a small family, but G. K. Chesterton claims in a book called *Heretics* that both are the best possible training ground for people who want to learn to widen their sympathies. Curious as it may sound, he argues that the one advantage of a small town is that the man who lives in it lives in a much larger world than the one who lives in a big town.

Obviously, that remark requires support. Chesterton provides it by explaining that the person who grows up in a small town knows more of the varieties and differences among men (that is, lives in a "larger world") because he cannot choose his companions. He is forced to rub shoulders with all kinds of neighbors. In a large city he can pick his friends; in a small town they are chosen for him.

In big groups, or clubs, existence is founded on similarity, which can shut out the real world as sharply as a monastery gate. This can be illustrated by showing the difference between the *clan* and the *clique.* Men are born into the clan. They live together because they all wear the same tartan, or came from the same sacred cow, but in their souls, by the divine luck of things, they have more different colors than in any tartan.

But the men of the clique live together because they have the same kind of soul, and their narrowness is that of choice and contentment, like that which exists in Hell. A big society is a society for the promotion of narrowness. It seeks to guard the solitary and sensitive individual from all experiences of the bitter, but stimulating, human compromise.

Remembering this, I think of many I have known who sought the big city on the grounds that they wished to escape from provincialism but who actually ended up living in a narrower world than the one they left.

What they had really wanted was to find more people like themselves so that they could form a little clique. Once it was formed, they could shut themselves off from all the unpleasant people who weren't like them.

This can be managed in a big city, but not easily in a small one, and there is one experience which most people have had which illustrates the point. If it snows so much one night that all of us are absolutely confined to the street in which we live, we enter suddenly into a much larger and much different world. We walk to the grocery store with people to whom we have never done more than simply nod.

Actually, Chesterton argues, modern man is forever trying to escape the street in which he lives. He goes off to the ends of the earth, he pretends to shoot tigers, he almost rides on a camel. And if you ask him why, he says that he is fleeing from his street because it is dull.

But he is lying. He is really fleeing from his street because it is a great deal too exciting. It is exciting because it is exacting, and different, and because it is alive. If he visits Venice, he needn't be excited, for these people are only Venetians. But the people in his street are men. He can stare at the Chinese because they are passive things to be stared at, but if he stares at the old lady in the next garden she becomes active all of a sudden.

"We make our friends; we make our enemies; but God makes our next-door neighbor. Hence he comes to us clad in all the careless terrors of nature; he is as strange as the stars, as reckless and indifferent as the rain. He is Man, the most terrible of beasts. That is why the old religions and the old scriptural language showed so sharp a wisdom when they spoke, not of one's duty toward humanity, but one's duty toward one's neighbor."

So speaks Chesterton, wisely as usual. Duty toward humanity may be relatively easy compared with duty toward one's neighbor. Duty toward humanity takes the form of some choice we make. We may fight for peace because we like to fight. We may love Negroes because they are black, or the poverty-stricken because they challenge our sensitivities so much. But we have to love our neighbor because he is *there.* He is a sample of humanity which is actually given us. Probably nothing we are called upon to do is any harder.

I suppose that every church group represents an attempt to find a company that will be congenial because they are all alike. The degree of insistence upon likeness varies, but in some groups — as readers of this journal know well — it requires a deadening and monotonous conformity.

Perhaps we should be glad that in our human family we haven't much choice. We accept our brothers and sisters and learn to put up with their eccentricities, just because they are *there.* We may escape from

them with sighs of relief some day, but it was wonderful discipline for us to have to endure members of our own family who simply would not shape their lives the way we knew was proper.

If we can really see the church we are part of as a family, if this is more than just a cliche, then perhaps we can see them as people God has given to us without consulting our wishes. In such a spirit we might not only learn to tolerate the differences existing in such a family — we might even learn to *love* them for the variety they furnish and for the proof they give that life is varied, incalculable, and infinitely interesting.

— Wichita State U., Wichita, Kansas

OUR CHANGING WORLD

The Westbury Church of Christ in Houston had a carnival recently to raise money for their school. It had all the trimmings, with games to play and things to eat and buy, including an auction. Among the items auctioned was Earl Campbell's (the football star) old shoes, which went for 360.00 for the pair. Whenever white folks in a Texas Church of Christ will fork over that kind of money for a black man's wornout shoes it has to be conceded that we are changing!

I think the most unique Church of Christ, perhaps in the entire world, can now be identified — in Wichita Falls, Texas. It is non-instrumental music like the rest, but it is also one-cup, non-located preacher, mutual ministry, non-Sunday School, *and* premillennial! Being premillennial along with all the other really makes it unique, and this also makes it freer and more open, as well as turned on to God's grace and mercy, as premill churches usually are. It just shows how "narrow" folk can be in freedom, which is to say that they are actually "broader" than those who are much less narrow!

G. B. Shelburne, Jr. is what I call "the patriarch of the non-Sunday School Churches of Christ." For a generation he has been training preachers and others in what they call "Bible Training Work" in Amarillo and now Houston. This is conducted by the Main Street Church of Christ in South Houston, which also has an ambitious missionary program in Malawi, Africa, one of the missionaries being one of brother Shelburne's sons. The missionary staff also includes our dear friend Margaret Williams, who is *not* of the non-SS background. Brother Shelburne has a beautiful irenic spirit, which he has shared in some of our "line-crossing" unity meetings. It is his leadership that is largely responsible for the contribution the non-SS churches are making in our struggle against partyism. Brother Shelburne has four sons and they are all preachers and they all fellowship each other! How's that for a well-lived life? In a visit with him recently reference was made to my far-ranging ministry. When I told him, "I go among them all but don't agree with any of them," he laughed heartily. As I see it the non-SS churches are the most encouraging part of the present-day Churches of Christ. When a leading non-SS brother in Lubbock, a college professor, "left" and began meeting with a charismatic group, his old church, where he had been an elder, did *not* withdraw from him, but continued to love and accept him. In fact he was recently invited to speak at one of their churches in Amarillo. Compare this with the way other of our Churches of Christ responded to Pat Boone. See why I am encouraged?

Another Houston visit was not all that encouraging, but it shows that I like to visit *all* my sisters and brothers. John and Margaret O'Dowd are longtime friends. John claims credit for getting me in jail, back in the old days, but that's another story. So is Margaret another story, who published a book about her liberation from an oppressive religion in the Church of Christ, which is one of the most unique and dramatic books ever written by one of our folk. She has long since left us, *forever*, for she's had it. But I still love her, and I drop by occasionally to tell her so. I even love old John, which shows that the Spirit is still at work in our lives. He told me this story of bygone days. He was conducting a revival in a small southern town and was invited to address the local high school. He first rebuked the principal for introducing him as *Reverand*, then proceeded to blast the Catholics and Baptists as infidels, proving it from their creeds from which he read. The principal stopped him while he yet spoke, dismissed the students, and left him standing in an empty auditorium. That night in his meeting he excoriated the school for its lack of southern hospitality! When Margaret responded negatively to this story, I tried to get old John off the hook by reminding her that the years have made some difference and that John wouldn't do that the same way today. "Oh yes I would!" he said, correcting me, "if I had the chance." At this his wife said with resignation, "Some people can and do change," looking at me, and then added, as she measured her husband, "and some people can't and won't!" But I think I know a secret. Down deep inside old John would like to change. When I told this story to Ouida, she remembered a Baptist minister who spoke to her high school and told the story of Queen Esther, and it was so exciting she has never forgotten it. Our old beloved bruisers, who are playing some kind of game, would really like to be a blessing to people. But the shell has to break before they can get out. I never give up on them, even when their wives have!

READERS EXCHANGE

I was born and raised in the Churches of Christ. At age 12 I was converted to the Churches of Christ. In my mid-twenties I was converted to Jesus Christ, and no one will ever be able to pressure me or intimidate me into trading my allegiance to Jesus for allegiance to some human system like the Churches of Christ. -- *David R. Reagan, Central Church of Christ, Irving, Texas*

Our services are much different from those in the States in that we meet in houses with dirt floors and small poles laced together for walls. Through the walls we can see a sow feeding her pigs. Last Sunday a wild pig was tethered in the room. Those passing by to lay their contribution on the table had to stay clear and those near it were hesitate to kneel too close to it. So we have odors to put up with and we keep busy fighting off mosquitoes. -- *J. C. Reed, Flores, Peten, Guatamala*

I hope that you, Ouida, Carl and Nell are around to see the full fruit of your efforts. Already we are seeing the first fruits. Praise the Lord for his mighty work through a bunch of clay pots! -- *John Trotter, Columbus, Georgia*

(A bunch of clay pots! That really puts us all where we belong, and it is right from the Scripture. - *Editor*)

Your attitude has helped me to be aloof of petty opinions which have become a doctrine for many of us. The righteous will prevail in spite of self-righteousness. -- *Charles Steele, Richmond, Kentucky*

As a minister it is my job to proclaim the *whole* counsel of God, not the law only but the gospel as well. People come to me with questions about divorce and remarriage which have no "right" answers according to the divine ideal. They have gone too far for that. But I see my responsibility as going beyond speaking the law. I am to speak God's *agape*, and I cannot ignore human sexual needs, the need of children for two resident parents, emotional stability, and moral direction *where people are.* There must be a wrestling with the guilt of divorce, and this can take place either as an honest Bible study and prayer in the traditional pattern, or as counseling in which the dimensions of the alienation are explored in the divine presence and corrections of mind and spirit are integrated into the personality. But this is all done in the context of the gospel -- the *good news* of him who has given us everlasting hope. -- *Daniel Griggs, Bethel Park, Pennsylvania*